

A LONG ROAD TRIP

by Andrew “Change” Huang

she is driving across
the vermilion-washed bridge
into the red-matching darkness
in the distance.

there is nothing here
to comfort her—
 no passing car,
 no arching moon,
 no hanging stars—

except the memories of him,
in half-taped boxes and
over-stuffed suitcases, before
they sink away with the skyline
from her rear-view mirror.

 faint statics crackle
 from her car radio, snapping
 her back to the road—

just in time to pass glances at
the green neon road signs
 waving at her and
 urging her to turn back.

the statics begin to clear,
revealing a croaking voice—

“... **inaudible noises**...
 this song... is for you...”